MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR

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A PAUL RAYMOND PUBLICATION

VOLUME 30 NUMBER 12

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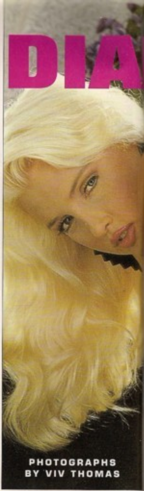
World

DIA



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY VIV THOMAS

NA

Blimey! No chance of missing dirty Diana in this kinky get-out. It's the yellow peril! "You'd better believe it, boys," says the one-girl orgy. "In this outfit I feel like I could get any man into bed and get him to do whatever I wanted."

And what might that be, Di? "Stick his head between my legs and put my honey where his mouth is! I like to be licked. And I won't take no for an answer!"

Okay! Okay! Okay!

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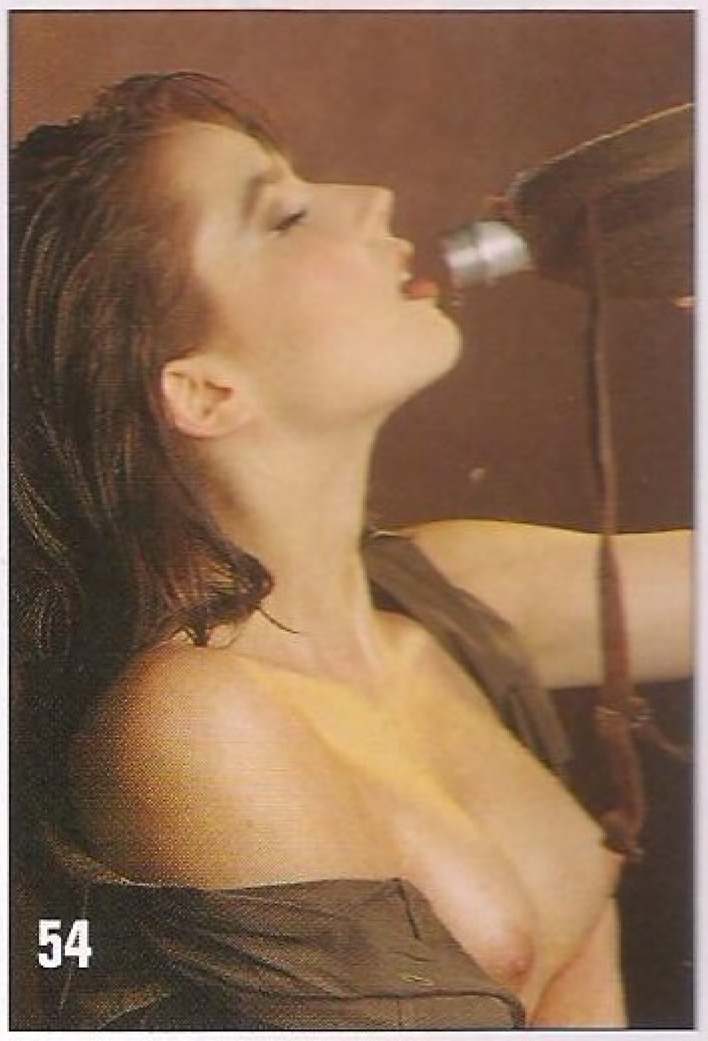
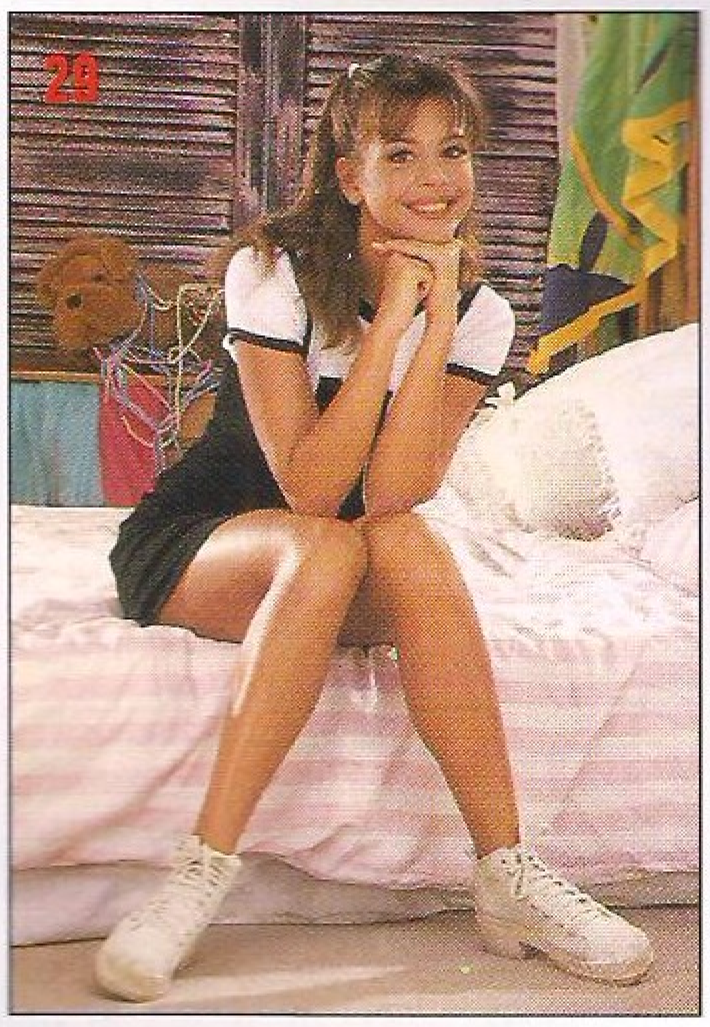


CARRY ON UP THE OUTBAC



A bit on the side
"In all my years as a lying bastard there are three words I've always stuck by: deny, deny, deny"
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KEEP THE MOTOR RUNNING!
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EDITORIAL

First of all, thanks a lot to TW of Yorkshire for your kind letter. I love you too. Secondly, welcome to a shiny new issue of *Mayfair*. You did the right thing. It's a right good read.

Now, more importantly, did anyone see me on TV the other week? No? Neither did the other 99% of the population who haven't got the LIVE! channel on cable. I haven't even got it myself, but perhaps it's about time I did because it's rather good fun. Last Friday, after a sloppy round of golf down at Richmond Park and an alcohol-free lunch at a dodgy pub in Putney, I made my way to the 24th floor of the Canary Wharf Tower, Docklands, home of LIVE! to appear on the promisingly titled *Sex Show*.

A few first-night nerves weren't exactly calmed by four cups of black coffee in the 'Green Room', (why didn't I go to the pub first?) but the programme's presenter, a rather sexy, bubbly babe called Bubba (!) put me and fellow Paul Raymond editor, Max Vinal, at our ease.

Perhaps it was that Wonderbra she was wearing, but I suddenly felt quite at home amongst the bright lights and shaky camera work of LIVE! and settled into my position on the couch with Bubba, as the producer counted down to broadcast time...

I'd like to tell you what happened after that, but I can't really remember, it all went so quickly. According to the one person I met who watched the show, we came across as a couple of nervous perverts for the first five minutes, as we discussed Eva Herzigova's cleavage, and two cocky bastards by the end, when we lay back on the sofa pontificating about mucky video releases.

Apparently we're going to be a regular fixture on the show from now on, so look out for our miserable performances. Or better still, look out for Bubba's cleavage. It makes much better telly!

the Editor

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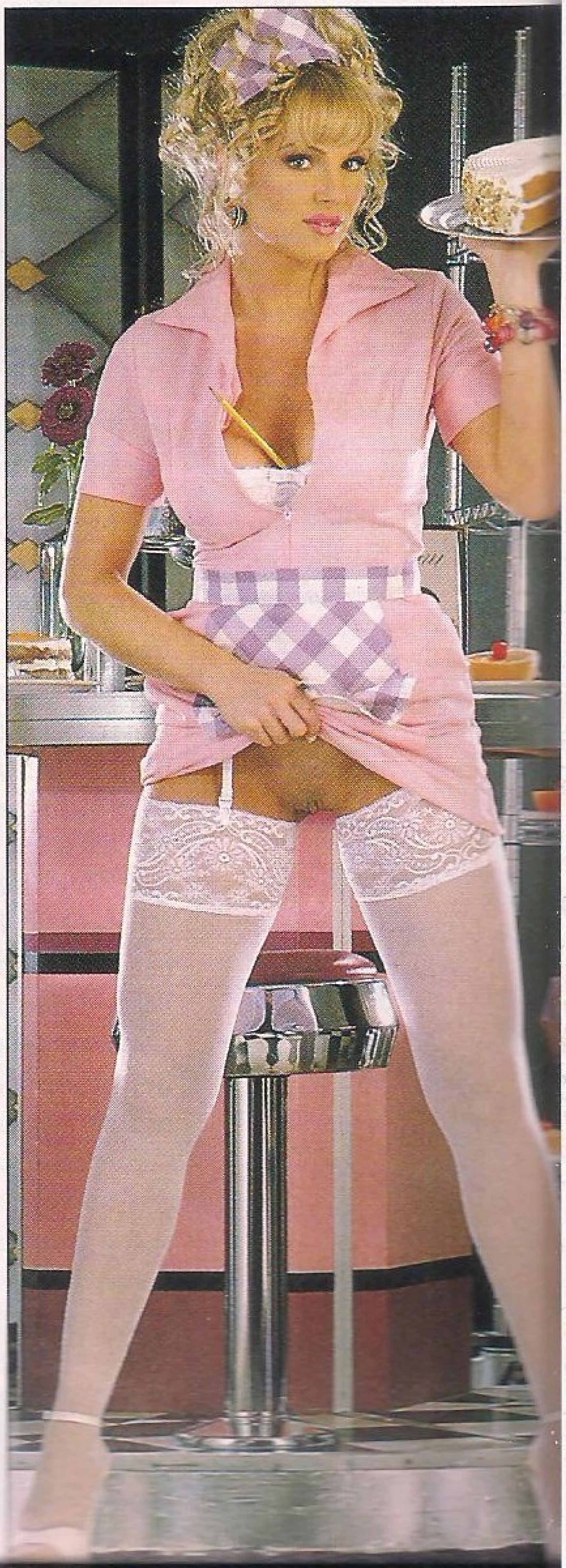
LYDIA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
MARIA CLARKE

"Would you like to nibble my buns?. They're lovely and warm." The offer comes from 19-year-old Lydia, a genuine wanton waitress from Brighton. She spent the summer working in a neat tea shoppe but says it was so stuffy she was desperate to misbehave. "I was so tempted to smother my tits with cream and cherries, and serve them on a tray to fellas. I wanted to see their faces when they tucked into one!" But some of the things he did do had her equally creamy. "On one occasion I slipped a large eclair into my knickers and sat down, just to see how it felt! It was rather nice, actually. It was just a shame there was nobody there to lick it off." Ⓜ



WorldMags

Turn your back on the typing pool for five minutes, and what happens? The coffee comes out and they're tucking into each other's jammy dodgers! At 11 every day Romana and Tracey our bi-secs-mad misses down tools and spend their coffee break perking each other up. It isn't long before they're getting hotter and frothier than the cappuccino as they get their cups out and then lick each other's ball points. Just as they're getting steamy, and the sweet liquid is boiling over, it's time to put their pads away and get back to the boss's Wang, suitably refreshed — at least until tea break when Tracey has offered Romana a chance to munch her doughnuts! Till then, it's back to work, girls.

management that run The Church. Considerably smaller, (it's a pub) Backpackers will continue till midnight with more strippers, singing and beer drinking competitions to hold up the by-now criminally pissed customers.

The Church, previously held at Buzby's on Charing Cross Road is undoubtedly an institution.

Carly Morf compiles the listings for the number one Australians in England magazine, *TNT*.

"They're just a bunch of yobos. We're not all like that."

But don't Australians behave like that at home?

"NO!" she says.

Three times a year, The Church's illusive organisers (the overwhelming impression is that it's run by the "people", but "people" can't run anything) take over a huge park in Acton and hold the Glastonbury festival of Australian debauchery, The Sinners Convention. The Convention is even more fearsome than The Church. About ten times as fearsome.

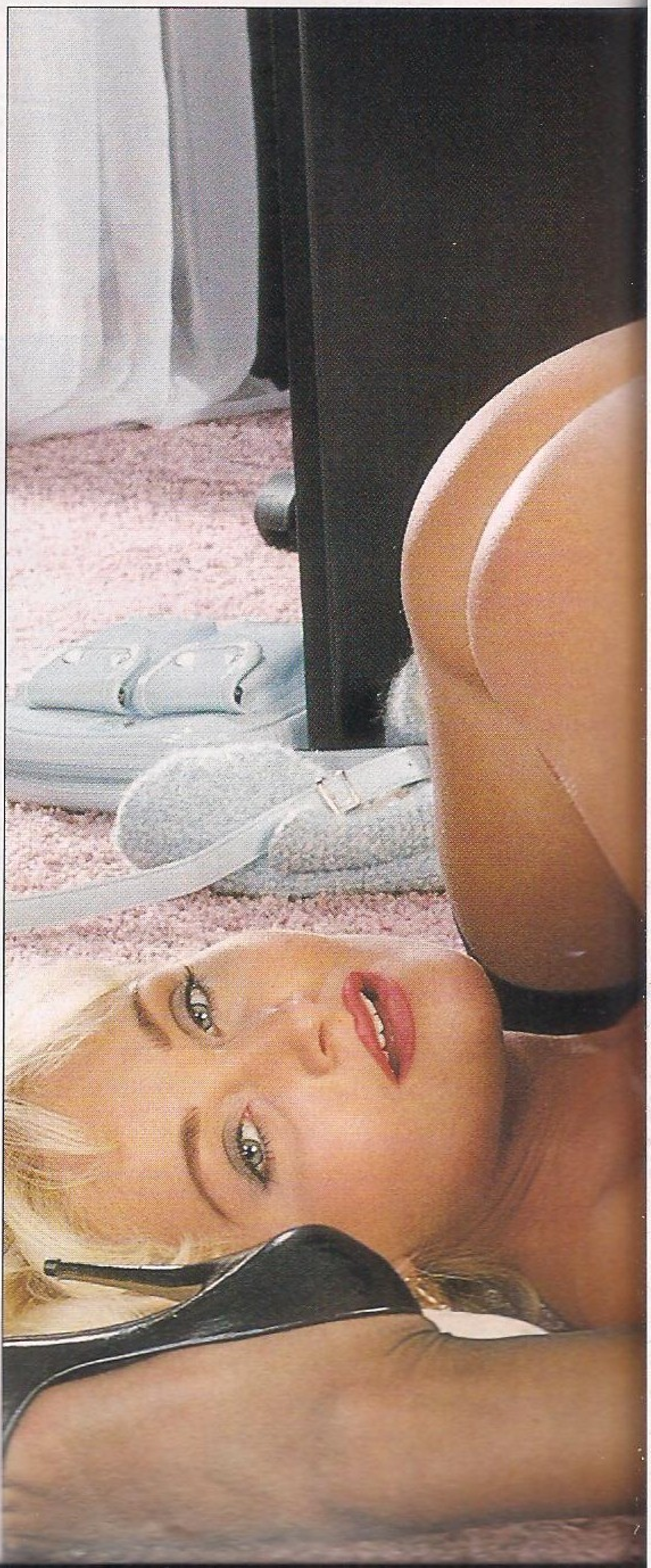
Like their sports, but not their music, Australians like to party harder than anybody else. In-between taking their clothes off at The Church, running from rampaging bulls in Spain, propping up the Munich beer festival or being normal in their own country- you can find many of them at the rising choice of pubs in London aimed at these beer monsters and their Kiwi cousins.

"They're not here for a long time. Everybody's here for a good time. They come over here and they haven't got a lot of friends and the only way you make friends is by being drunk," says John, 21, from Sydney.

AUSTRALI
FAMOUS B

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HARRISON

ROMANA & TRACEY



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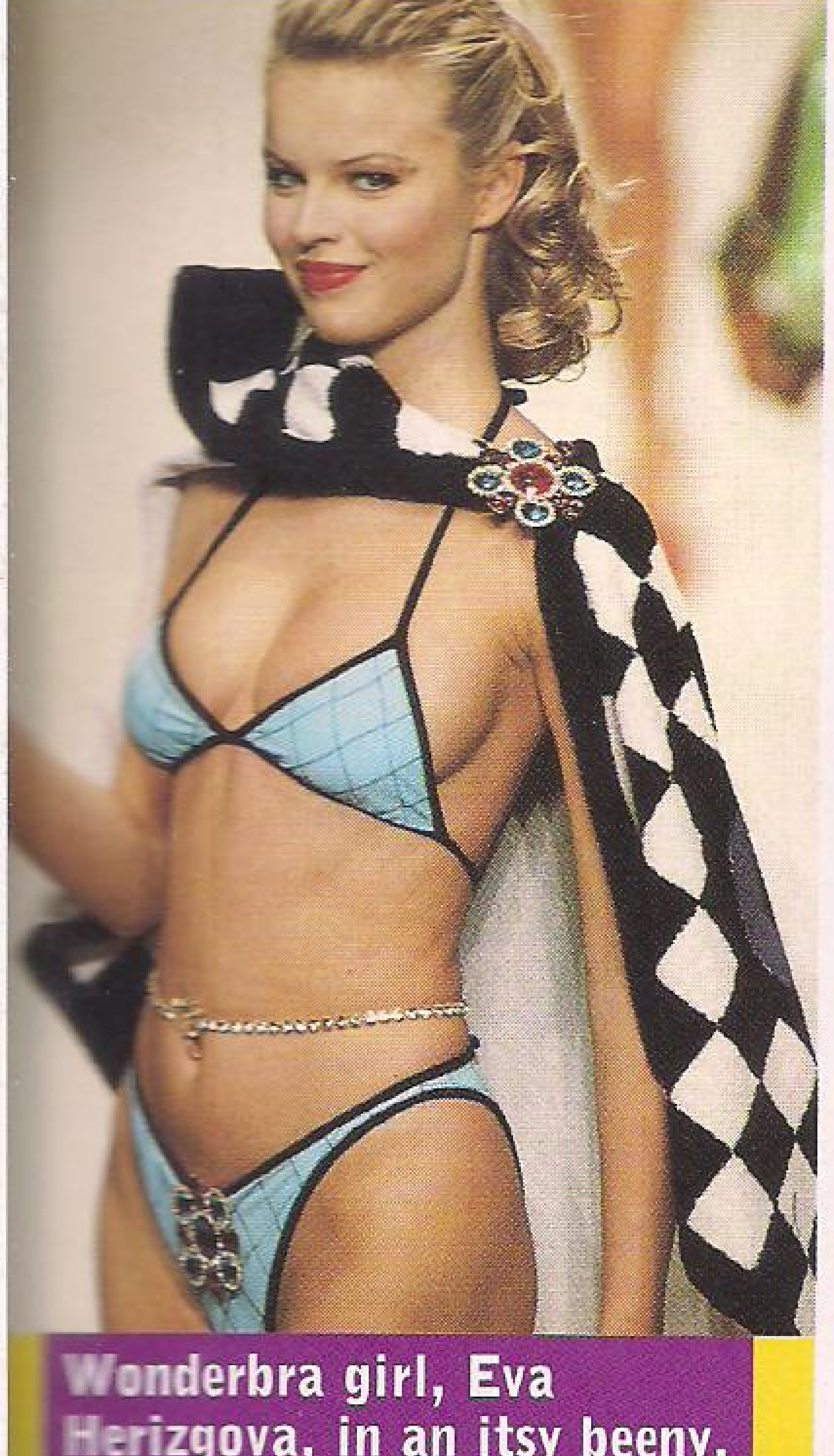
TRICIA

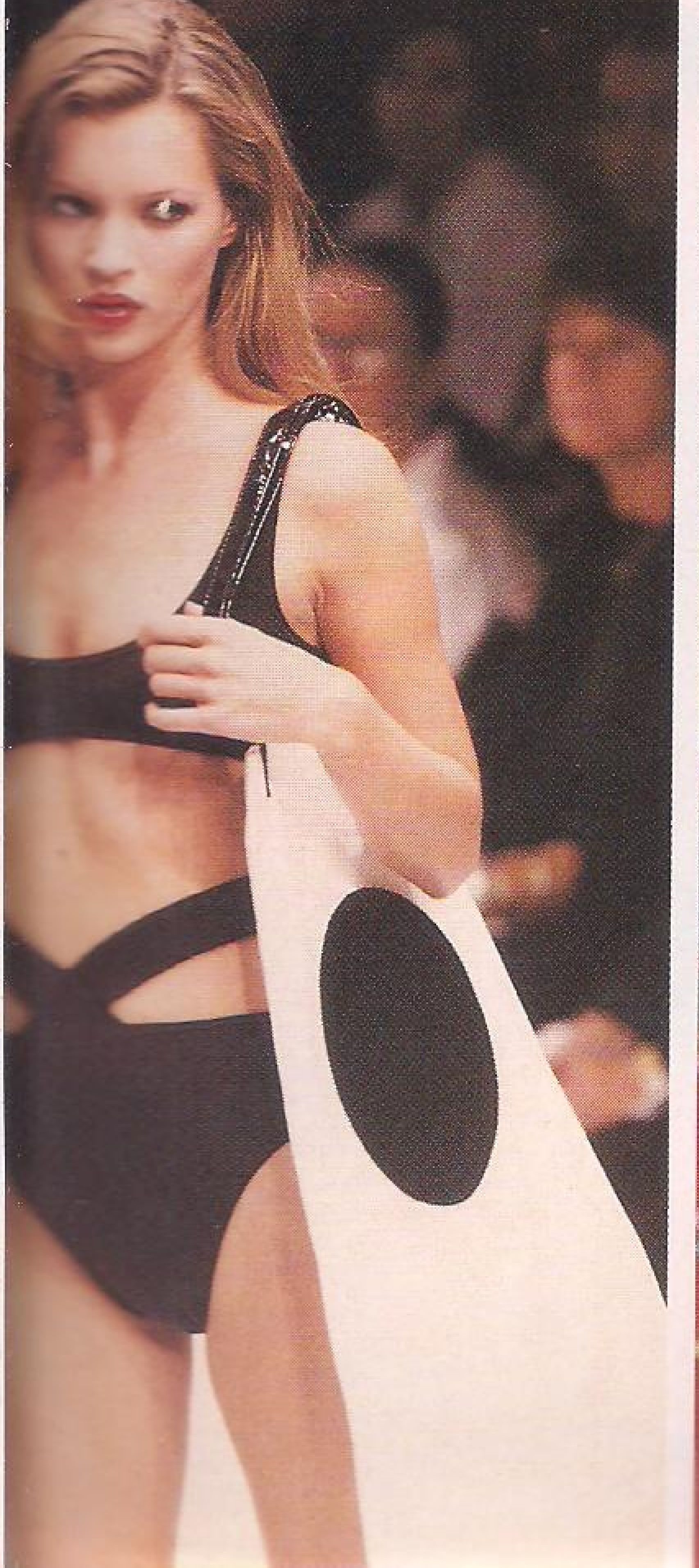
PHOTOGRAPHS BY VIV THOMAS



Wonderbra girl, Eva Herizgova, in an itsy beeny, teeny weeny Chanel bikini

last curve – goodbye waifs, hello real girls! Fashion getting it right for once... book us a front row seat for the next show, please. Ⓜ

Kate grows up at Chanel – the girl next door as you've never seen her before (and we'd like to see more!)



Looking pretty in her plain white panties is 21-year-old Tricia who admits to still being a little girl at heart. "I'm a real wimp in bed," in her squeaky Cindy Lauper-like voice. "I much prefer it when men take control. I just like to lie back and feel them slowly take over my whole body." Then she adds in a conspiratorial whisper: "I wouldn't mind being tied up, to be honest." Tricia draws the line at rough stuff, however. "Whips, chains and sore bottoms are not my thing at all. I think my bottom's too good to smack, don't you?" Ⓜ

A bit the s

Times change as often as underwear styles, but one thing's certain, male or female, we're all looking for a bit of extra. The trick is getting away with it. Here two readers, Mark and Samantha, tell you how they've enjoyed side orders and still not paid the bill

He Says...

Now let's be honest, if you aren't having a bit on the side now, then you have in the past, and what's more, you'll have one again. So what if you're in love right now? The first time the horniest girl at the party starts coming on to you you'll find yourself eyeing her up back, looking round the room then pushing your phone number into her hand. Giving into it in any relationship is only a matter of time, and then the fun begins…

It's dangerous, it's immoral, it costs, and people get hurt, but having sex with a girl you shouldn't be having sex with is the emotional equivalent of bungee jumping. On coke. So how do you keep it quiet? Well, in all my years as a lying bastard, there are three words I've always stuck by to get me out of any corner I've shagged your way into: deny, deny, deny.

If your girlfriend says, "Why do you smell of perfume? Have you been shagging that girl?" Just say no. She can't prove it. Was that her you went out with last night? No, course not! Oscar Wilde said that women have a talent for spotting everything but the obvious, and he was right. If madam turns up to see you one morning and she catches you washing the sheets from the night of illicit depravity before, just tell her you wanted everything nice and clean for her, and she'll go "Oooh, how sweet!".

However, it isn't all easy, and believe it or not the phone is the biggest enemy. What do you do when your lover rings up and you're sitting there having a cosy evening with the wife? Well, two things. One, just say "Hello? Hello? Sorry I can't hear you! Hello? You're very faint… hello?" then put the phone down, shrugging your shoulders. Or two, tell her you can't talk right now, you'll ring her back, and tell your girlfriend it was your mum. Then unplug it saying you don't want anyone to spoil your evening. Simple.

But coming home and finding a message on your answer phone that you just know will be your bit of fluff is a bit tricky, especially if your bird is standing there going "Well, aren't you going to see who it is?" What do you do when faced with this seemingly inescapable problem? Just press play, slyly turn the sound right down, listen to the silence then say, "God! I hate it when people don't leave a message!"

> **"In all my years as a lyin words I've always stuck**

Love bites? "It's those daft bastards at work pissing about again!" Late home from the pub? "Christ, I've just witnessed this car crash! It was terrible! They wanted a statement and everything!" Keep going on about another girl? "Only 'cos I've told her how happy we are! She's dying to meet you, you know. I think you'll really like her." Shameful, but it works. Long blonde hairs on your pillow? Ah, yes, well, can't really help you there. My girlfriend just found one and for the first time in my life I was stuck. I couldn't talk my way out of it. How could you? So if you've got a good answer, be a mate and let me know. Quickly.

> astard there are three
> : deny, deny, deny"

She Says…

Although the majority of people have affairs it is still earth shattering to find out that your partner finds the need to go and shag someone else. It's fine if you do it, but it's a totally different kettle of fish when they do it. If you do find out your supposed faithful boyfriend is sleeping around, it's never a good idea to reveal you have been too, as this will relieve his guilt and you can pile on the "I'm sooo hurt, how could you do it to me…" routine.

Every girl's motto when engaging in an affair is Be Prepared. The problem with affairs is that you never quite know when your next brief encounter will be. He will ring you at work and arrangements will be made for that evening. Your heart starts pounding and you get all flushed at the prospect of a night (or just a few hours) of passion. Most girls would panic at the thought of a short notice date, but the girl who's conversant with affairs knows only too well the essentials she should keep in her handbag – a spare pair of knickers, a travel toothbrush, perfume, make up and of course a packet of condoms. For the girl who's really experienced she'll keep a little top (that doesn't crease) in her bag for just in case… That way, no one at work (or her boyfriend) the next day will realise she didn't go home!

If I do get lucky and spend the whole night together with my bit on the side, I always make sure I go back to his. This isn't essential for the long term affair but it certainly is for the one night stand affair. This isn't because your place will be a mess, but because you can always escape! Beer goggles usually mean you pick up the most ugly specimen possible, but of course think he's gorgeous or you just don't care. Waking in the morning can give you the fright of your life. And you can't quite believe what a big mistake you've made. The only thing to do is to make a sharp exit as quick as possible whilst making some feeble excuse about feeding the cat. You then suddenly start asking yourself what you are doing and start realising that your boyfriend is Mr Gorgeous and you really don't need to look elsewhere for a shag. However this questioning and reasoning only lasts until next time you go out.

Ten Key Affair Phrases To Remember:

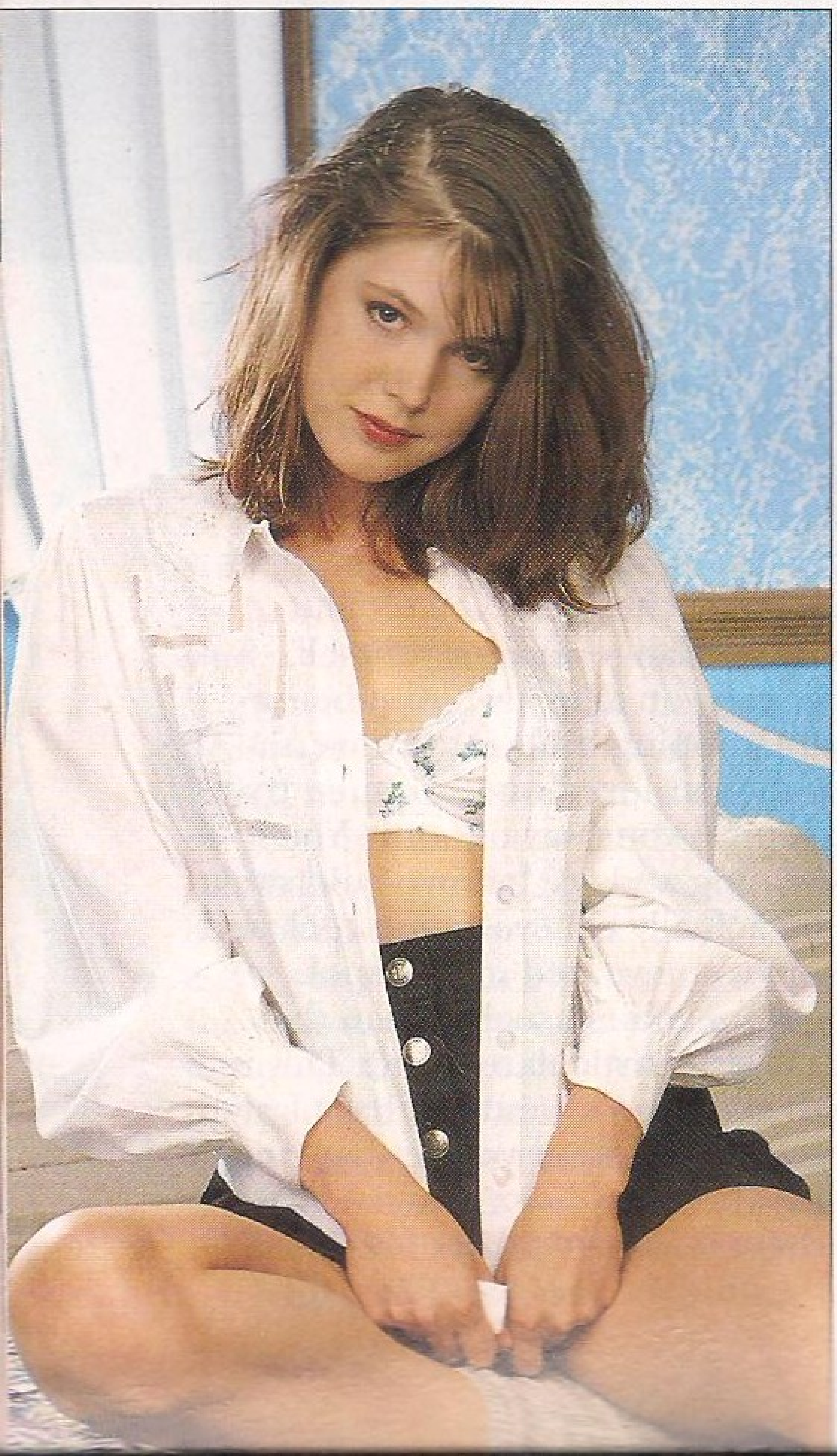
1) No.
2) Don't be so silly.
3) Who? Who's she?
4) But I get everything I need from you!
5) Ah, no, that's where I spilt some milk.
6) She's just a friend, honestly.
7) Oh, I used to love her but it's all in the past now.
8) I promise.
9) Look, have I ever lied to you before?
10) Do you think I'd want to throw away all this? Do you?

It's not all bad news, though. The best thing about having an affair is the excitement. You try and make things dangerous for yourself. How far can you take it without being caught. Dropping hints into conversations with your loved one and then trying to squirm your way out of it. You start sweating and are left in a cold sweat when he actually believes some cock and bull story you invented on the spot.

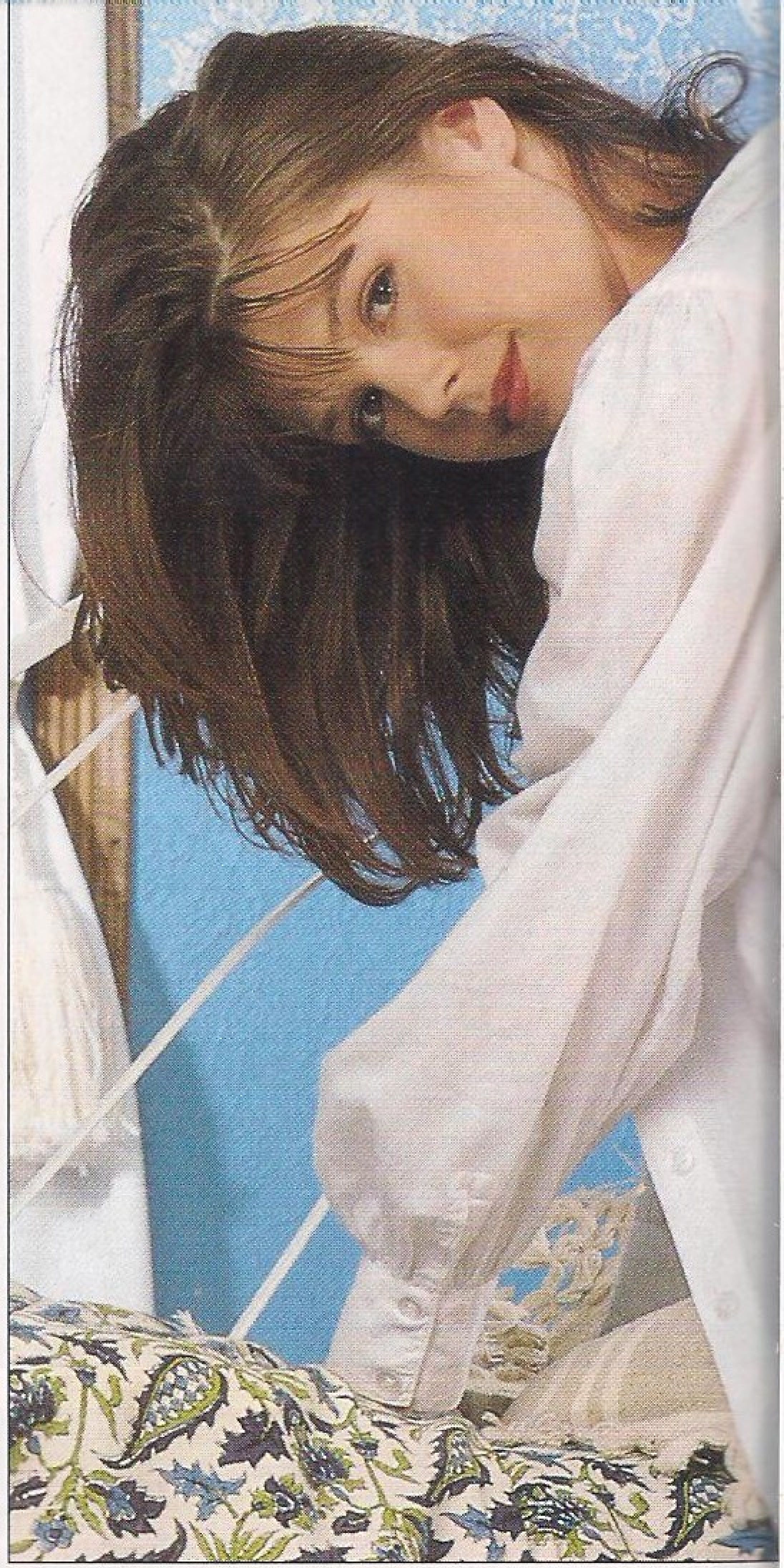
Long term affairs usually mean that the sex is also particularly good. This is generally because it wouldn't have lasted if it was crap. Whether you're shagging in a smart hotel or down a back alley somewhere it's a real thrill to be having sex with someone you shouldn't. Ⓜ

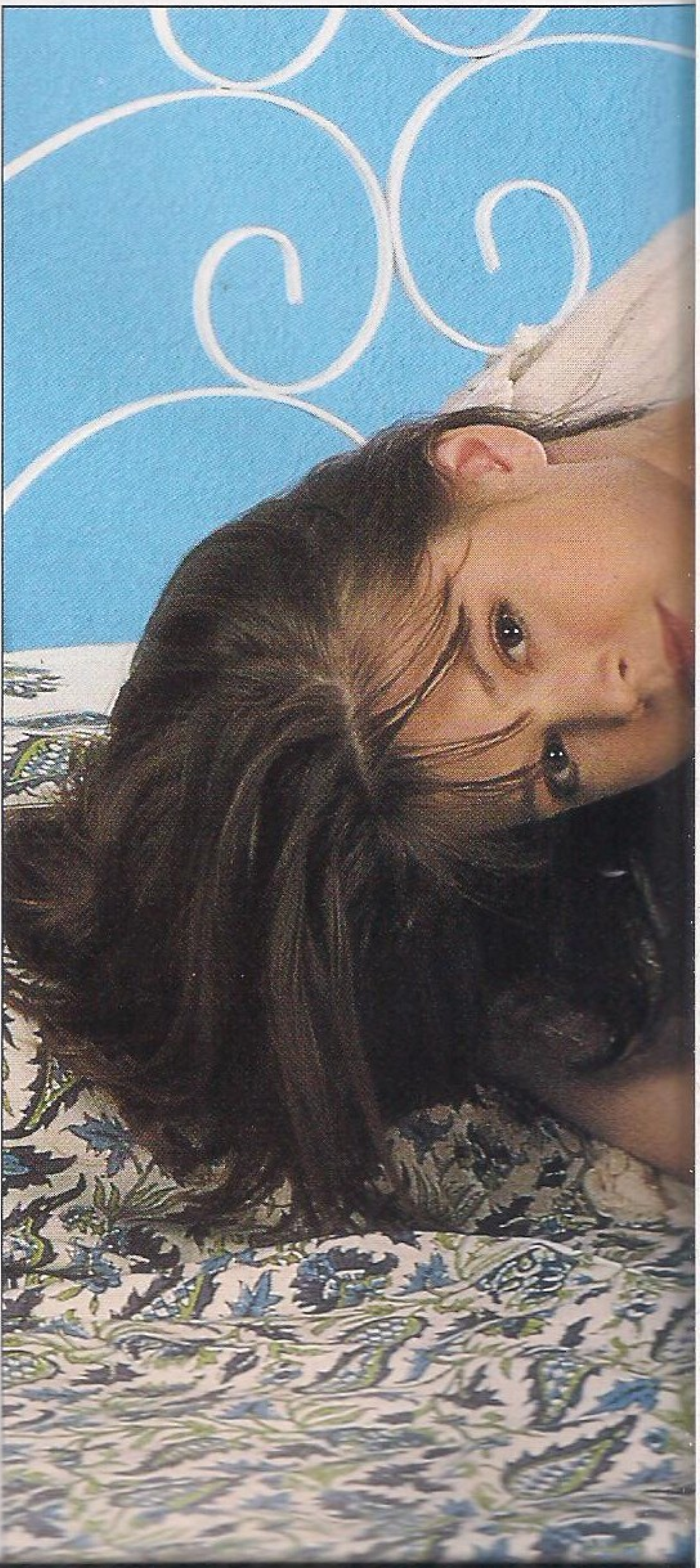
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB TANNER

JENNY



Christmas comes but once a year, which is perhaps just as well for the men who know juicy Jenny, the 21-year-old receptionist from Wimbledon. "I go well over-the-top at Xmas," she admits. "Booze, food and lots of snogging! Trouble is, if I get a guy I fancy under the metaphorical mistletoe, I can't stop at kissing. My hands start roaming over his body, and suddenly we find ourselves in bed, with all my relatives asking, 'Where's Jenny gone this time?' You must drop in – you're guaranteed a good snog, so long as you don't reek of pickles – and you might wind up with me under the bedcovers. It's better than the Bond film!"





Letters

Continued from page 43

into the seat beside her. After chatting about sport for a few minutes, with me complimenting her on what fuckable shape she was in, we were getting slightly tipsy and got onto the subject of your magazine. "I love *Mayfair*," Janey giggled. "All those fit, slim bodies and round, ripe tits... I've got a few copies at home!" It turned out Belinda was a favourite of hers, too. Well, we didn't stay long – it was straight round to her flat where Janey and her flatmate, Susanne, a sexy, freckly redhead, and I flicked through the obviously well-read battered magazines, getting horny as hell. We didn't actually go any further than talking about our fantasies. But there's always next time. I can't wait for the new issue so I can race back to Janey's to decide who's the babe of the month. – Marcus, Solihull

LEZZIE LOVE LETTER

My girl, Sally, and I have a great time in the sack. She's game for whatever my dirty imagination can think up, and one special favourite, guaranteed to have us both knackered from coming, is when Sally describes having lesbian sex with her gorgeous friend, Debbie. I'd love to watch them at it, and with Sally telling me how she loves having her mouth crammed with Debbie's swollen, sticky pussy lips, I shoot about a pint of come. For a long time, it was all fantasy, until one day I got this letter from Sally. It has kept me happily wanking for days, so I hope it has the same horny effect on your other readers:

'Dear Micky,

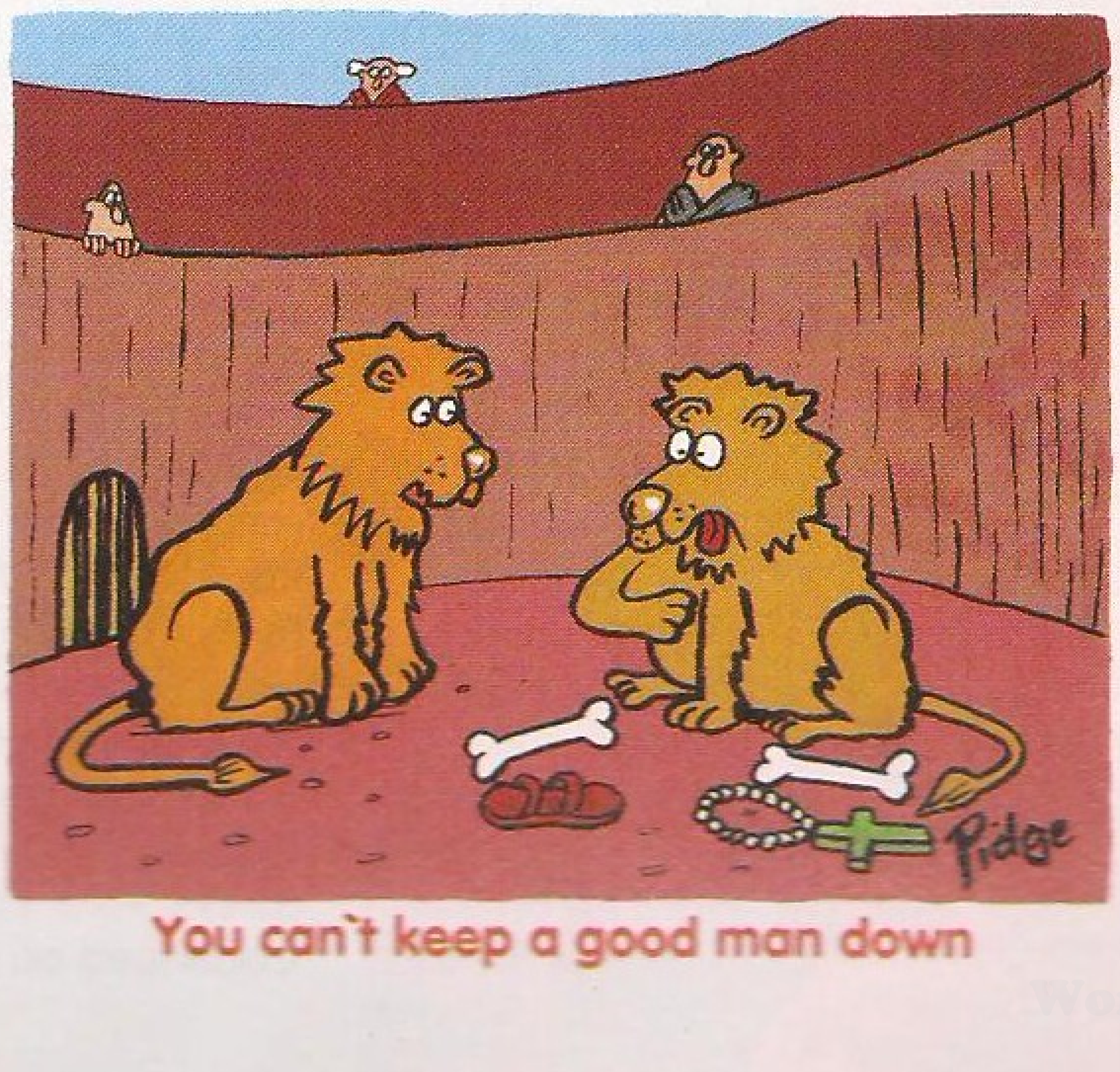
This will surprise you – I hope you'll tug yourself off over it again and again.

Remember that night out we had with David and Debbie? Well, I ended up having more fun than you thought!

Dave and Debbie had been in Greece, and I couldn't keep my eyes off her deep tanned cleavage (I caught you staring at her lovely tits too!). My mind was swirling with images of her arse and pussy surrounded by a white triangle of soft skin. And you know I dropped my lighter under the table? It was no coincidence, I wanted to give Debbie an eyeful of my own boobs as the neck of my dress flopped open. I knew she was looking at me, but didn't know if I was reading her signals right. Rubbing my thighs together, my pussy was a slimy pool, desperate for her touch and kisses. When she said she was going to the toilet, you saw how quick I jumped up to join her, didn't you? I bet you can't read this fast enough! I needed to get my fingers up my aching hole, and was also dying to get the sexy babe on her own. Wildly aroused, I sat on the bog, a couple of fingers up my pussy, so warm and big and juicy that I couldn't hold back a moan of lust.

Knocking on the door, Debbie

Continued on page 98

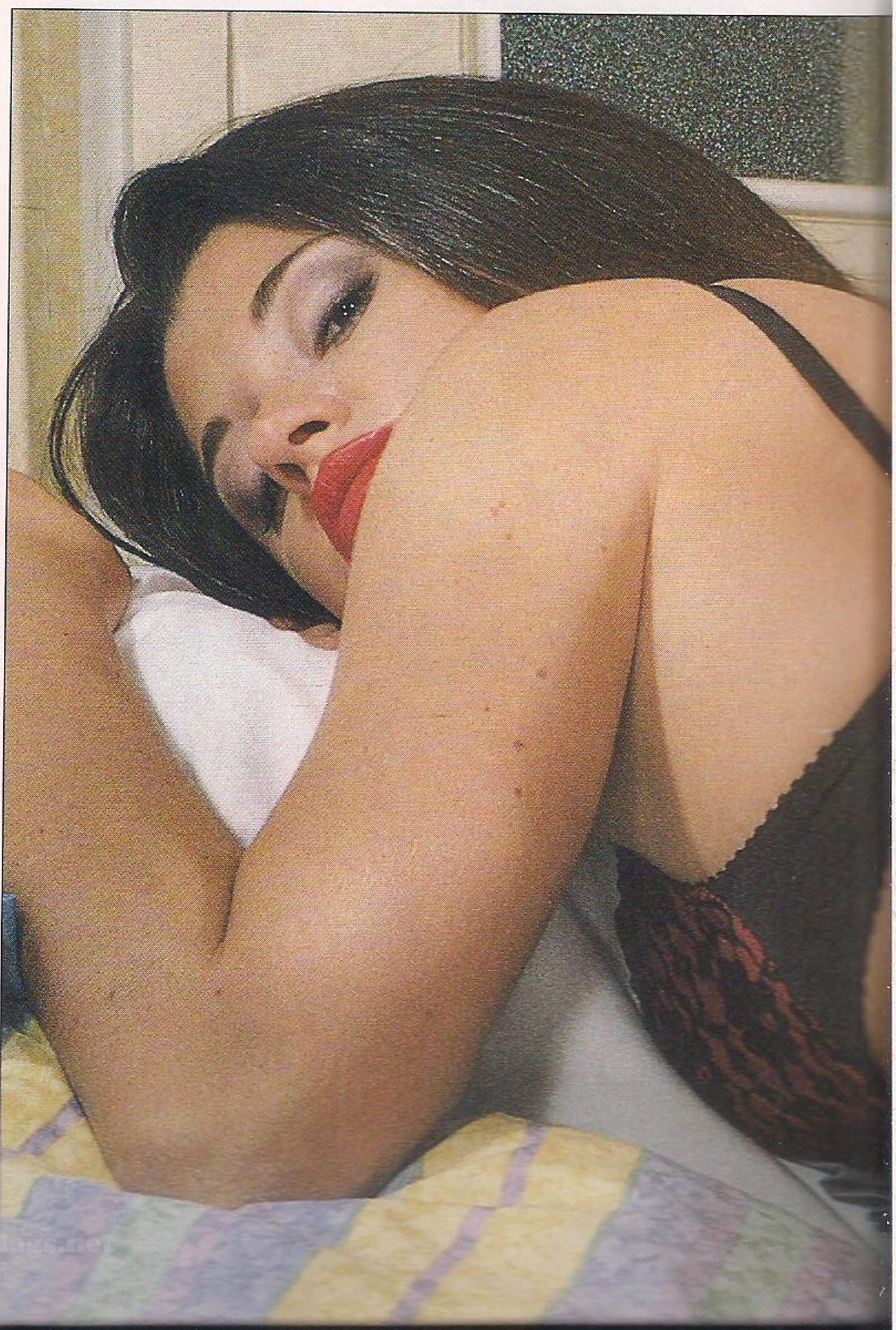


You can't keep a good man down

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VIV THOMAS

JENNA

Jenna, our 20-year-old air-hostess from Windsor is the ultimate dinner date – if you can catch her. "Working for a foreign airline means I'm not in the UK much, so my sex life comes in bursts," she giggles. "I'm not like other girls I work with who have a guy in every airport. I like British blokes. So whenever I'm at home I like to go out for dinner, have a good talk and a laugh. Then quickly get back to his place for sex. Once I'm there I like to get a lot in; if you can do it in a night, I'll do it. Then I'll be away for sunnier climes in the morning, dreaming about my next bonk in a week's time."



MAYFAIR

girl of the month

JENNA

work. It had an impressive turn of speed and the kind of robust front-end that could blast through a road block or dent the side of the toughest security van, without damaging your furry dice. It was the getaway car par excellence and ever since Ford removed it from the market the search has been on for a worthy successor.

Basically the criteria here is for a motor that looks like the kind of thing you might expect to see parked on executive housing estates, but performs like a Le Mans winner.

Over the years the villains have shifted allegiance from *Cortinas*, to the Rover *3000* and even given a trial run to the monstrous Vauxhall *Senator*. Apart from the performance and appearance you may have spotted another similarity about these vehicles. Yes, they're all British. Crooks, you see, are fiercely patriotic. The BMW may seem like an ideal candidate for a place in the pantheon of classic scarper-mobiles, but what kind of salt-of-the-earth English armed robber is going to put his freedom in the hands of a load of Kraut car workers? He'd rather trust his mates in Dagenham.

And so we come to the getaway vehicle of the here and now, a car that combines the best of both the *Cortina* and the Jag in one bland-looking, cylinder-throbbing package: the Ford *Sierra Cosworth*. The *Cosworth* may have the whiff of the repmobile about it, but it delivers more boot than an enraged Eric Cantona spotting a fat Palace fan. It is tough, fast and strong enough to lug gold bullion. For the criminal fraternity it was love at first sight. And it should have been a marriage made in heaven. Unhappily for them Plod felt the same way too... Ⓜ

All getaway cars are British. Crooks are fiercely patriotic

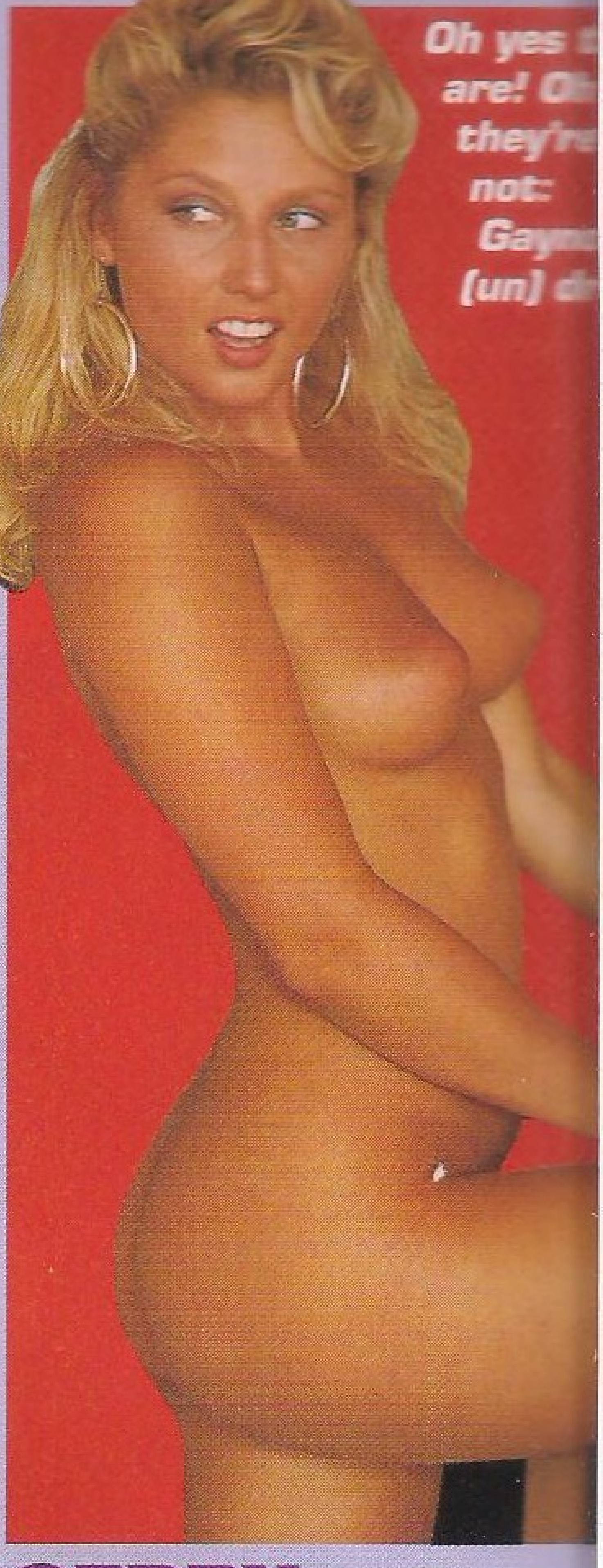
Ford Cortina: once a pretender to the Jag's cool crown

LILLY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS LAPIN

It's cold and wet outside, the rain beats on the window of a small cottage in the Yorkshire Dales. But inside the owner is warm and cosy, dreaming of spending the winter with the man of her dreams. "I'm like a character in a Bronte novel," says 21-year-old Lilly from Hawes. "Constantly on the look-out for my Heathcliff." But Lilly's would be no Cliff Richard. "I want a man with long tousled hair and a muscular body who's a superb lover. I'd spend the whole of January and February having long sex romps with him, then emerge butterfly-like in the spring to flirt with the locals in the pub again." M

scene from mayfair



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GERRY COTTLE'S BIG PLOP

There's a great deal of shit available in auctions but not as much as there is at Gerry Cottle's. The circus supremo is selling off props from the shows including two hundred costumes – and several tonnes of elephant dung!

The crap going under the hammer will be extremely ripe by now as Cottles sold their last elephant three years ago, but held onto the pachyderm poo because "it might be of use to someone!"

"It's quite rare," said Cottle.

Also up for sale are the circus's terrier-sized football kits from their performing dogs. Be careful not to bid for the wrong thing.

DEPT SSSH!

Former *Department S* and *Jason King* star Peter Wyngarde has been very quiet recently. It's not through lack of work – the recent showing of the cult series on Bravo has rekindled his career – but

girl next door

SOPHIE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTHONY FARNSWORTH

When photographer Anthony Farnsworth approached sexy little Sophie in a Manchester nightspot and asked her if she'd take her clothes off, he got a swift reply. "I told him to fook off! He didn't even offer to buy me a drink, just started talking about my tits!" laughs the cheeky Chester babe. "It was only when he said he wanted to take pictures of me for Mayfair that the penny dropped and I stopped hitting him with my handbag. I was right chuffed that anyone would think I could slip off my knickers for a men's magazine. So, sorry about that Anthony, mate!" Ⓜ

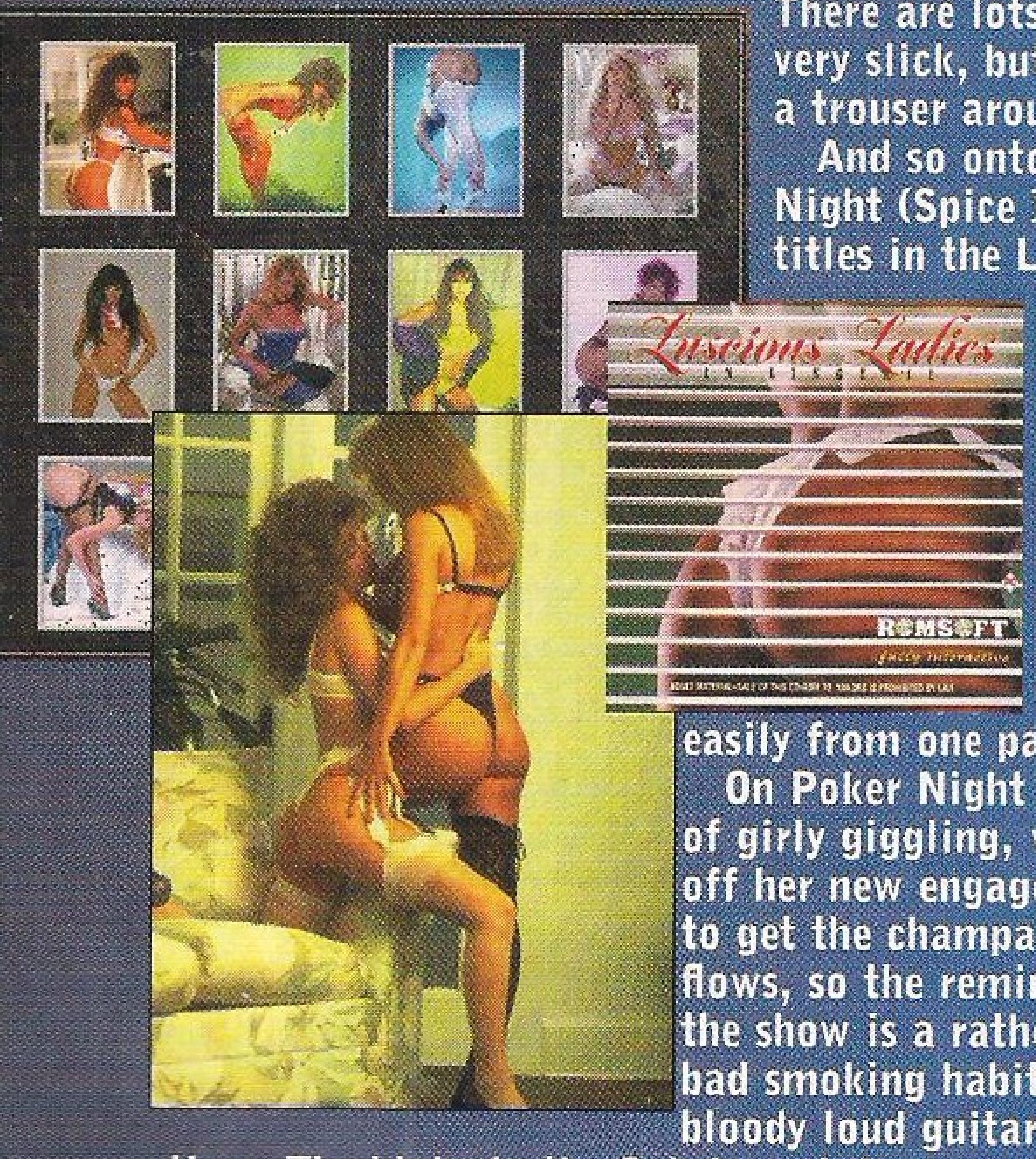
raunchy roms

Sex On CD

Raunchy ROMs from the man with one eye on his mouse and the other on pussy, Mark Woodbrook

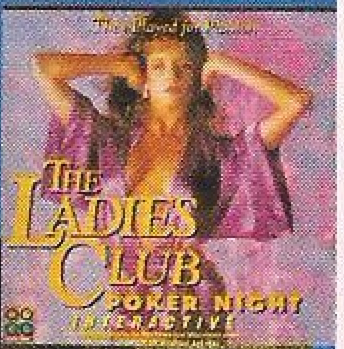
First up is Luscious Ladies in Lingerie (Romsoft). Now normally the Romsoft name is a guarantee of some quality action, but this one's a bit tame. The idea is certainly solid enough. You've got a load of top-notch totty in nothing but their underkecks. But unfortunately that's all you get to see – there's not even a hint of anything stronger.

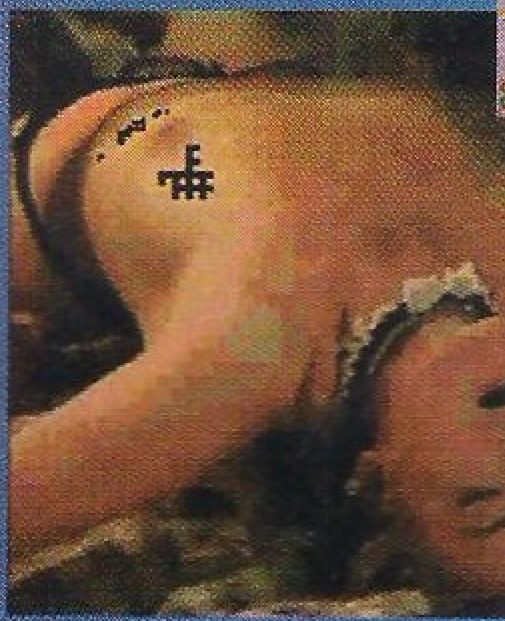
The disc is arranged into five sections (or studios), each of which contains 12 pictures as a taste of things to come. Unfortunately, too often there's only a single shot of each model, and although there's the occasional video clip, there's nothing you couldn't show your granny. (Or at least, nothing I couldn't show my granny, but then again, she's blind.) There are lots of nice effects, and it's all very slick, but it's hardly a substitute for a trouser arousing fanny flash.



And so onto The Ladies Club Poker Night (Spice Interactive) – one of several titles in the Ladies Club series. The club meets weekly to discuss its various members' fantasies in that special way women do, and these are then revealed for us in the form of flashbacks. The show takes the form of a film in nine parts, and with a click of a mouse you can move easily from one part to the next.

On Poker Night proceedings start with a lot of girly giggling, when one of the party shows off her new engagement ring. This is the cue to get the champagne out, and as the alcohol flows, so the reminiscences begin. The star of the show is a rather splendid blonde with a bad smoking habit who plays a bloody loud guitar in her spare time. The bloke in the flat downstairs is pretty sick of her axe licks, but nonetheless welcomes her into his home to lick his axe instead. Rather illogically, she turns up in a french maid's outfit – but who's complaining? She looks very nice indeed, and you can't blame the bloke for being so forgiving. But while the settings are good, the acting is appalling, and the women not that special. This is very much erotica of the pants-on variety.





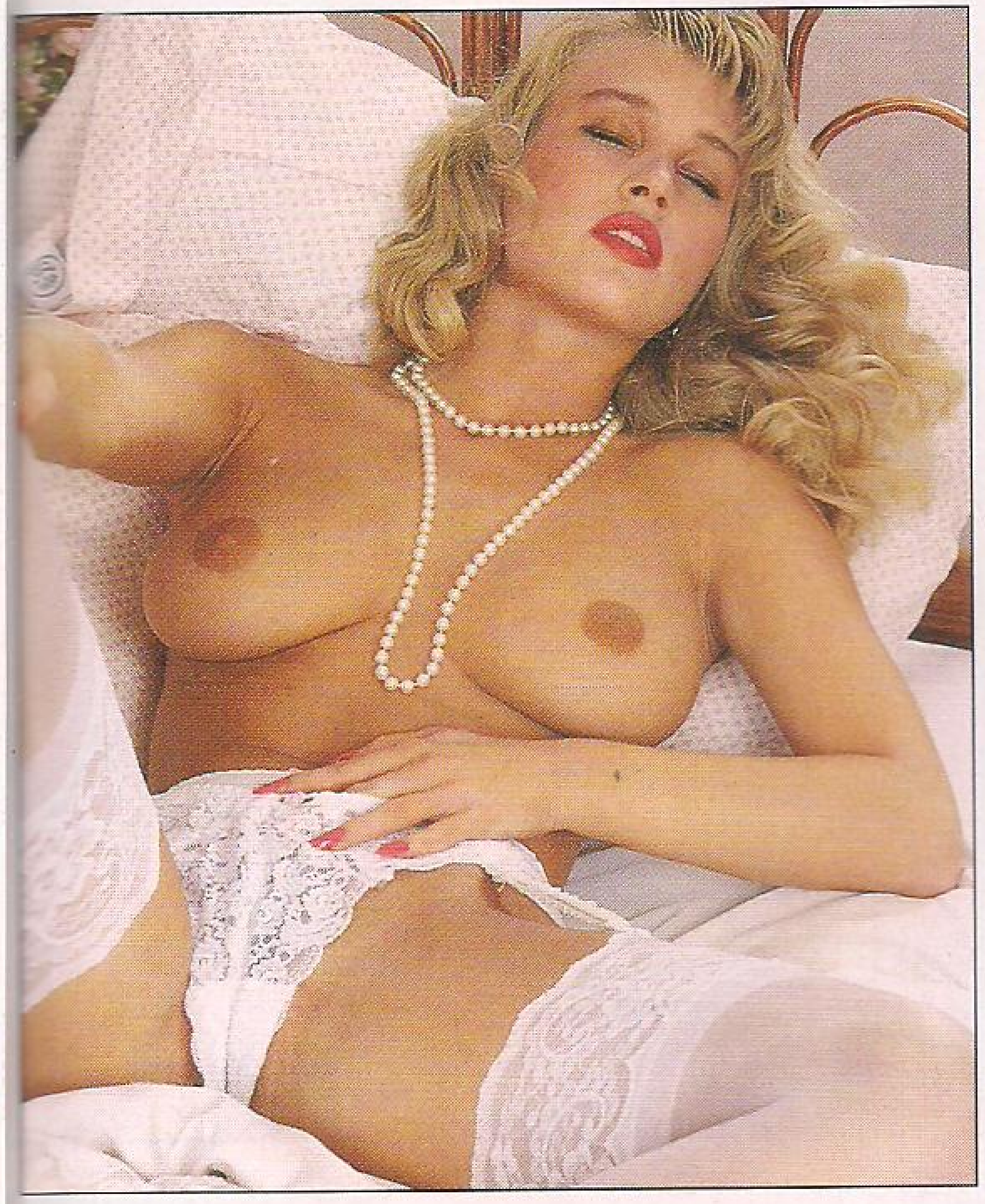
Finally there's Virtual Vixens (Pixis/Zane) – a celebration of hi-tech pervery disguised as a space adventure. Once you've piloted your aerobike through the treacherous canyons you'll land at the VR Pleasure Palace. There you'll gain access to the Inner Sanctum. There you'll come across all sorts of exciting entrances (fnarr!). The idea is that you need to save your friend from the evil Crystal. So, find a doorway, stick your access card into the slot (ooer!) and you'll be confronted by one of the Vixens of the title.

To make progress you'll have to give each of the girls multiple orgasms. You do this with a combination of hand and vibrator tools, which you can then use to touch any part of their body. Your success, or lack of, is shown on the Vixen's OrgasMeter – but be careful. If your own OrgasMeter reaches boiling point you'll be kicked out of the room to float aimlessly in outer space for ever!

Contact details: Romsoft (001) 305 979 8558. Spice Interactive (001) 310 286 1001. Pixis/Zane (001) 818 772 9510.

RACHE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN STUART

Now Rachel's a big girl (and do we mean big!) she's given up hanging a stocking for Santa on the end of her bed. She uses her bra – it's bigger! "You might get a satsuma in my stocking but I can get a couple of melons in my bra. In fact I do, every day!" laughs Southampton's treasure chest. Ever since Rachel's 38inch whoppers made their debut when she was 16, she got used to making jokes about them. "It's worse at Christmas – all those jokes about stuffing and liking a bit of breast. But big boobed girls are just as saucy as slimmer girls. Stop making jokes, and get down to some serious action instead, guys!"